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GOOD-BYE, SWEET DAY.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

Good-bye, sweet day, good-bye!
I have so loved thee, but I cannot hold thee,
Departing like a dream, the shadows fold thee;
Slowly thy perfect beauty fades away;
Good-bye, sweet day!
Good-bye, sweet day, good-bye!
Dear were thy golden hours of tranquil splendour,
Sally thou yieldst to the evening tender,
Who wert so fair from thy first morning ray!
Good-bye, sweet day!
Good-bye, sweet day, good-bye!
Thy glow and charm, thy smiles and tones
And glances
Vanish at last, and solemn night advances.
Ah, couldst thou yet a little longer stay!
Good-bye, sweet day!
Good-bye, sweet day, good-bye!
All thy rich gifts my grateful heart remembers,
The white I watch thy sunset's smouldering
embers
Die in the west beneath the twilight gray.
Good-bye, sweet day!

THE SAFEGUARD.

BY ELIZABETH W. DENISON.

A baby crept to his father's knee,
And was lifted up and laid to rest,
Till the blue eyes closed, so tired he was,
And his little head fell peacefully.
At once on the ready shoulder there,
White the baby hand, so soft and fair,
Lay like a shield on his father's breast.
Of old times said that when men drew near
To force temptation or deadly strife,
And lost their way in a maze of fear,
Or perished their souls for worldly gear,
By a way unknown an angel hand
Would lead them out of the dangerous land,
Into the light of a nobler life.
The story is true for the world today;
We see no white-robed angels mild;
But out of the dark and perilous way
Where men and women forget to pray,
Into the peace of a pure land
They are led by a gentle, shielding hand.
The hand of a little helpless child.
—Sunday Afternoon.

RUTH'S FLIRTATION.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

Before Ruth Pennington accepted Dr. Howard she had certainly flirted with Ralph Barlow, and he had some reason to be angry and indignant, but he should have been man enough to let the girl alone, and cease from absurd and unavailing reproaches. However, he was not; and day by day, hour by hour, she lived in dread of him, never knowing when she might meet his scowling face in the village street, or what sweet hour he might poison with those angry accusations, which were all the more bitter for being in a measure true.

However, Ruth's friends upheld her, for Harry Howard was a true fellow, whose antecedents every one knew—his father, the favorite physician of the place before him; his married sister, Mrs. Marchmont, the being who dazzled their eyes with bonnets and dresses absolutely just from Paris; while old Mrs. Howard was the Lady Bountiful of the place, dispensed flannels to the poor, hunted up starving negroes and children going to the dogs for want of education, and gave them bread and schooling, and headed contributions for superannuated clergymen and widows who had seen better days.

A really respected family were the Howards, and Ralph Barlow was just one of those fellows who seemed to have money enough, but who, for all that, was without any introduction whatever. Handsome, too; but not the man people wanted to see dangling after their girls, and when Ruth had that flirtation with him she led a terrible life at home.

No girl likes to be scolded and preached to, and threatened by those who are her guardians, and doubtless this influenced Ruth no little; now all was so smooth and easy; and like most grave men, Dr. Howard had more in him than appeared on the surface, and made a fonder and more attentive lover than she had hoped. She loved him now, and her fleeting fancy for Ralph was quite a thing of the past. The wedding day was fixed, the wedding dress nearly done, and Ruth would have been perfectly happy but for Ralph's haunting. Knowing that she had once given him reason to think she liked him—indeed, knowing that she had—she could not use him as she would another, and complain of him to her father or brother; and the last time he had crossed her path, he had caught her by the arm and held her fast, and told her that she must either break with Dr. Howard or take the consequences. "You shall never marry him, Ruth," he said, "never!" and this time Ruth, who had before only wept and trembled, defied him.

"I'm not afraid of you, Ralph," said she, "I'll have a protector soon, who will put an end to your threats, and punish you for annoying me."
"Don't talk of me to me, girl," cried Ralph, and he caught her by the wrist and held her so that for a moment she quite understood how powerful a woman is in the hands of a strong man, and they were alone far from any house, with thick trees on one side and a babbling brook on the other.

But he dropped the hand again and folded his hands and laughed.
"Little fool," said he.
"Great brute, to try to frighten me," she cried, and sped away. After that she would never go far alone.

Two days at last between the present and her wedding eve, when, after dark, as she sat upon the porch waiting for her lover, and hoping that none of those calls that often carried the doctor miles away when he least desired it would keep him from her this evening, a small boy ran up the garden path and addressed her.

"You're Miss Ruth Pennington, ain't you?"
"Yes," she said, "I am."
"Then," said he, "the doctor is outside in his carriage, and he says he wants you to ride with him, and he can't leave

his horse. "Won't you put on your hat and come?" he says.

"Tell him I'll be there in a moment," says Ruth, and ran into the room where her mother sat.

"I'm going out to ride with Harry, ma," said she, and catching up a hat and shawl that lay upon a lounge, stood before the mirror to put them on.

"Nobody will see you to-night," said Mrs. Pennington. "What a night it is for a ride—dark as pitch!"

"Not on the road, ma," said Ruth, and hurried off.

But it was dark—so dark that after the streak of light from the lamp in the parlor had ended, she could literally see nothing. She found the latch of the garden gate by feeling for it, and stepped outside. There under the poplars, stood a dark object, a sort of silhouette of carriage, horse and driver, all in one piece. She approached it; a hand met hers, and helped her in.

"Oh, how dark it is, I can't see you, Harry," she said.

Then the hand went around her waist and drew her close. It was no unwelcome thing, and surely it was right for a promised wife to yield to the embrace—and nestle her head on the broad shoulder.

"I suppose it will be lighter on the road," said she.

The answer was that little unspellable sound that people use for the affirmative when they do not want to speak—and the carriage dashed away furiously.

"Why do you drive so fast, Harry?" she asked, as they whirled through the village, the window-lights flashing past them—as it seemed—each a blurred star, no more. "The horse is not running away, dear?"

"The arm tightened about her, but no word was spoken.

"Why don't you say anything, Harry?" she said. "I'm frightened. Nothing has happened?"

"Nothing," was answered, in a sort of whisper.

"But I know something has," said she. "You never behaved so before. I am trembling, Harry, feel how I tremble. I am cold all over. Harry, please speak!" Still the carriage whirled on—still there was silence, and now the village was passed. They were alone on a lonely road, and faster and faster still they drove on. The thought that her betrothed lover had suddenly gone mad thrust itself like a stab into Ruth's heart. Oh, if she could but see his face!

"Harry," she said, falteringly, "Harry, won't you go back now? It is so dark. I'm tired of driving. Harry."

Suddenly he bent toward her. "Kiss me," said he.

She lifted up her lips. As she did so, straining her eyes toward his face, the black clouds overhead suddenly parted, and from between them peeped the moon at her full; and Ruth saw by the white and ghastly light the face of Ralph Barlow.

It was he who sat beside her. She understood quite well how she had been tricked. She was miles from home and in his power. He had fulfilled his threat of vengeance.

"So, you are surprised," said he with a laugh. "Come, make up your mind to it. I was good enough for you once. You have kissed me before, lassie. 'All's fair in love and war,' you know. I'll not make you a bad husband. I love you, my dear, or I'd never have done this. So good-bye to the doctor."

"Ralph Barlow, I hate you," cried Ruth. "If I was fool enough to like you once, I hate you now. I'll say no. I'll tell the minister you carried me off. What a fool you are, to think a girl can be married without her consent. Take me back at once. I'm to marry Dr. Howard on Wednesday."

"Indeed," said Ralph. "Reflect a moment. You will then have been away with me two days. I scarcely think Dr. Howard will want a wife who has been away with another man two days. I think by that time you will be quite willing to say yes. Come, once you liked the notion. Those steady going Yankee parents chose the doctor for you—that's all. We'll have a merry life together, plenty of money, jolly times. Come, make up your mind to it."

"Harry told me I played him false," said Ruth. "Harry will believe me such a wicked girl."

"Just so," said Ralph.
"And mother and father!" moaned Ruth. "Oh, Ralph, take me back home, and I'll pray for you every night of my life!"

"I'd rather you would kiss me every day," said Ralph. "No; I'll never go back with you!"

Then he drove on faster than before; and though Ruth uttered screams after scream, and strove it, her despair to cast herself into the road, the cries spent themselves on empty air, and the strong arm around her waist made her struggles utterly useless.

At last she ceased to cry out, and sat perfectly quiet; but it was not, as Ralph supposed, that she had yielded to fate. She was watching intently for the next house that they would pass, hoping that some one would hear the desperate screams that she would utter.

At last she saw it—a square white building in the upper windows of which a light burned brightly, for there people were who one who suffered. Beside the bed sat the husband, holding the hand of the wife whom he feared that he must lose, but who was now in safety.

At the foot the physician ready to depart, happy in the good work that he had done.

"Good-bye until to-morrow," he said. "I think you will sleep well to-night, dear lady."

"Good-bye, Dr. Howard, said the gentleman, grasping his hand. "I'm sorry you have such a long lonely ride before you."

Then Dr. Howard ran down stairs and out to his carriage. A stout Irishman stood holding the reins.

"God bless your honor," he said. "They tell me you have saved missus' life, no less."

"With God's help, I have done something," said the physician. "Well, others are as late as I upon the road, Pat."

"Yis, and—the Lord save us, what's that?"

For, as the man was about to answer, a woman leaned from the little buggy that flew past and uttered a terrible cry of "Help—save me! Help—save me!"

"It's a rare trouble, or just some desolate crayther making disturbance!" said Pat.

"Come, Pat—into the wagon with me and after them."

"I'm not afraid," said Pat; "but do, dear, we might get into a tough scrimmage."

"Well, you'd like that, Pat," said the doctor.

"But they say your bride is waiting you doctor, dear," said Pat. "And 'tisn't a broken head or nose you'd like to take to the wedding?"

The doctor gave one thought to Ruth; then, "For her sake all women," said he, and they were flying after the other carriage. The chase was not long; their horse was fresh; the other weary.

In fifteen minutes they were side by side.

"Who cried for help?" said the doctor.

A struggling form in the carriage stretched out its hand to him.

"Harry! Harry!" she cried.

"It's Ruth!" shouted the doctor; and then he had clutched the reins, and the man in the other carriage arose to his feet.

"Let go your hold!" he shouted. "I am armed!"

A pistol flashed in the moonlight, which shone still, though dimly.

"He will kill you, Harry!" cried Ruth. "Yes, by heaven!" yelled Ralph Barlow. "I will!"

The Irishman, undaunted, had sprung to the horse's head.

"I can't hold them much longer, yer honor," he cried; "they're mad—the both of them."

Then there was the sound of a pistol—a blaze—the smoke of gunpowder—and Ruth fainted away.

When she recovered, Dr. Howard held her in his arms, and the Irishman stood near, rubbing his head and looking utterly bewildered.

There was no sound of either of the horses. On the firing of the pistol, both had run away, but by this time Dr. Howard was on the ground, and had clutched Ruth about the waist. They were thrown to the earth, and the bullet had grazed the doctor's cheek, and cut the ribbon of Ruth's hat in two, but otherwise they were unhurt.

The Irishman had been knocked senseless by a kick from one of the horses, and what had become of Ralph Barlow was not known.

A few hours afterwards he was found dead among the debris of his carriage, his dead horse beside him at the foot of a precipice past which the road wound half a mile further on.

Poor Ruth, conscience-stricken, and shaken in every nerve, really felt that though it would be wrong that she should play the role of bride so soon; but the doctor stood firm and claimed her on the proper day, and her wild ride through the night, and the terrible scene that followed it, seems almost a dream to her now when she recalls it. Only no daughter of Ruth Howards will ever flirt, if she can help it.

Flirtation, says Ruth, is nothing less than a crime.—N. Y. Ledger.

HOW TOM BECAME A CONGRESSMAN.

MAN.

A BOY'S STORY.

There was a little fellow among the New England hills, years ago, as there are many now, whose parents were poor. He could not remember the time when he wore shoes and stockings in the summer. Sometimes in the winter, when he was obliged to walk three miles to school, and was through snowdrifts that did not melt until the last of May, he did wear such as his father had rejected, and a pair of shoes that slipped up and down every step he took. Nevertheless, they were shoes and stockings; and he was infinitely prouder of them than any king living is of his crown.

One day, as Tom was plodding along with his old slipshod shoes, puffing from exertion and blowing his big fingers to keep them warm, there came dashing down the hill a sleigh such as the youngsters had never seen; no, indeed, not even dreamed of. And the horse! Tom stood staring at the bit, the tips of his great cowhide shoes touching the snow, asked if the gentleman was hurt.

"Not a bit of it, my lad!" said he, shaking himself free of the snow; "only warmed up a little. What's the damage?"

"Nothing, sir, that I see," returned Tom, his handsome face glowing with good humor as he yielded the horse to its owner.

"Well then, my lad, get in, and we'll try again. You are going to school, I see," added the stranger, as he gathered up the reins.

"Yes, sir."

"How far?"

"Guess it is about two miles from here."

The gentleman turned and looked into his face, and then glanced all over Tom's figure, even to his feet.

"He sees my shoes," thought Tom, proudly, to himself, giving his feet a shove forward to make certain that they should be seen.

The gentleman did see them, and smiled in spite of himself as he glanced to Tom's face.

He then kindly pulled the warm furs around the boy, and pulling his cap over his eyes, shouted, "Go along, Nell!" And the chestnut mare, now thoroughly sobered, meekly commenced the ascent of what was known thereabouts as the long hill. She was evidently accustomed to having her own way, for she averted herself of every little chance to rest, and did not allow herself to be pressed forward until the whip was applied.

Tom wondered what had possessed the creature a few minutes before. He scratched his head on the right side and then on the left, and finally, his Yankee curiosity getting the better of his diffidence, he asked:

"If you please, sir, what was it that made the mare run?"

"A stump," returned the gentleman, with a smile. "Nell is a little aristocratic, and shows at all such plebeian things. She does not know that a stump was the making of her master."

Tom scratched his head again, and wriggled all over. Then out came the question:

"How could a stump be the making of a man?"

"My lad," answered the stranger, marking the white surface of the snow gently with his whiplash, "I was a poor boy, and my father could not afford to send me to school. We worked very hard, but I used to study evenings in the light of the fire, and learned the whole of the Latin grammar by the light of one pitch knot."

For a moment Tom sat perfectly still. Then he asked, as if ashamed of his ignorance:

"Please, sir, what's a Latin grammar?"

This last question aroused the gentleman, and becoming sensible that the little fellow at his side was thirsting for knowledge, he very kindly went over such parts of his history as he thought would be of interest to him, and ended by saying that he was a member of Congress.

The last announcement almost took the lad's breath away. He had heard of members of Congress, but he had an idea that they were myths, whom nobody ever saw. Perhaps the awe with which Tom regarded him as he glanced up sideways into his face flattered the gentleman, for he said, smiling:

"You are just as likely to be a member of Congress as I! You know, in America, success is to be determined and brave. If you study as I did, you may possibly rise as high—yes—perhaps higher."

"But I haven't any Latin grammar," said Tom.

"No? Well, would you like one?"

"Yes, sir!" cried Tom, with flashing eyes.

"Well, my lad, I shall come this way again, and I will leave one at the school-house for you."

"But I haven't any money."

"Never mind, you can pay me when you get to Congress."

"Thank you," said Tom, "I won't forget it, sir."

The gentleman looked down at him with a quizzical smile, and the two rode on in silence until they reached the school-house.

"Please don't forget the grammar," suggested Tom, as he lifted the old cap again.

"Not I!" returned the gentleman,—"a man who cannot keep a promise should not make one—he, my lad?"

Nell tossed her head, and the boy soon lost sight of the driver. Then he looked down at his shoes, at his coat, and at his old cap as he hung it on the peg in the entry, and silently contrasted them with the fur-trimmed overcoat and outfit of the stranger. "Never mind," said Tom to himself, "I will have them too, when I am a member of Congress."

At the end of two weeks, a bundle of books was left at the school-house. There was not only a Latin grammar, but a well-worn copy of Virgil, Esop's Fables, and sundry other volumes such as Tom had never seen.

Pine knots were plentiful where Tom lived, and he sat up until midnight all the rest of the winter, pondering over the mysteries of those books.

As good luck would have it, the schoolmaster, who boarded around with his pupils, had not eaten the ration due him at Tom's father's. When he arrived, he entered warmly into the lad's ambitious projects, and as he had a smattering of Latin himself, was qualified to aid his pupil.

Although the schoolmaster was allowed the use of a tallow candle, he vastly preferred the more brilliant light of Tom's pitch knot; so that, as often as the long winter evening set in, the master and pupil might be seen (and were seen) sitting before the fireplace with their heads buried in the pages of the books, along which they plodded slowly, but to such purpose that at the end of the winter Tom could read his fable and solve his problem in a manner very creditable to himself and master.

It was up-hill work with poor Tom, but he never lost that little he gained, and managed to make what little he accomplished to tell on the future.

One day his father brought home a stranger, and told Tom that he was apprenticed, during his minority, to this man, who would make him a blacksmith.

"But I am not going to be a blacksmith!" cried Tom, in a passion; "I'm going to Congress!"

"The more need that you should learn to shoe the horse that carries you there," replied the father, with a shrug.

Tom packed up his worldly goods, not forgetting his books, and trudged away to a distant village, where he pared horses' hoofs by day, and studied and read at night by stealth, for he was allowed neither knot nor candle.

Six months the poor fellow was faithful to his duty; but one night, when his master had thrown his grammar into the fire, and lashed him for his disobedience, Tom took leave of the workshop. He made his way, barefooted as he was, over bogs and briers, until he ventured into the main road, and by dint of begging a ride now and then, reached the city, where—as Ben Franklin had done before him—with his roll under his arm, he sought and obtained employment.

Perhaps the happiest day of Tom's life was when he found himself in the antiquarian bookstore with plenty of leisure, plenty of books, and nothing to fear from friend or foe. It was wonderful how he read—and read! The parched earth does not more greedily take the summer rain!

When his intellectual thirst was partially satisfied, he began his work. He saw the ladder up which he must climb, and seizing the lowest round, he made his way steadily upward. We all know by what steps an ambitious man makes progress—by patient toil—by self-denial—by courteous deportment—by the constant acquisition of knowledge.

Years passed by, during all of which Tom had looked in vain for his early friend, the stranger. In his timid awkwardness, he had not thought to ask the name of his benefactor, and the only opportunity to do so had been lost.

Well, years slid away, and Tom was elected member of Congress from the very county where he spent his struggling boyhood. He went to Washington, not in cowhide shoes and butternut-colored homespun, but dressed something as imagination had pictured, as he looked after his benefactor on the

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